

THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

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MAY BE IN SIGHT

That for which the whole world is praying and hoping for—peace—may be in a very short time be in sight—and that a peace to which all believers in world's democracy may concur and be satisfied with.

And it may all come about through the Russian-German peace negotiations now in progress which have reached a significant stage and which have shed a great white light on the motives of both sides and on the sincerity of their public professions.

The refusal of Germany to withdraw its troops from the Russian territory which it holds exposes that government as a clumsy and monumental hypocrite and shows that the German government intends to bring that territory under austere rule as spoils of war despite its declaration that it is not seeking annexations or extension of power by force.

And all Russia stands aghast at this demand and its credit is defiant and resentful because Russia wants peace for its own sake and not for the Kaiser's sake.

And yet Russia feels that the resumption of war only spells its doom and now realizes that it has only been the hope and promise of peace that has given the beleaguered its precarious tenure. The armies have fallen to pieces, industry is crumpled and rusty, arms and munitions are lacking, forcible leadership is nowhere in sight, the people are hungry and in rags, and if peace fails an even wilder and wilder anarchy is threatening. The "war" that Russia could wage upon Germany, under such circumstances would be a disheartening combination of opera bouffe and stark, unrelieved tragedy.

But not alone in Russia is there disappointment and rage for in Germany there is disappointment and anger, for the Junker government by this action regarding Russia stands unmasked before Germans as well as before all peoples, and in this is the sign of early peace. The German people are thus made aware of their government's hypocrisy, its lies, its double dealing and shown its real aims. From German socialists and liberals there come cries of rage. There is a demand for the assembling of the reichstag, newspapers speak with unvoiced bitterness and boldness, and there is hurried conferring on the part of the Kaiser, the chancellor, the foreign minister, the generals and admirals and those others who looted and spurred, believe they were born to rule the German people. The League of Nations Zetzel howls the wrath of despots and kings.

"Germany now reveals her eastern policy," says everybody in Germany. Russia and the entire continent now knows that she is not aiming at a just peace without annexations and indemnities such as von Richthofen depicted, but a peace providing for an enormous increase in Germany's military, political and economic strength. These intentions must strengthen the war will of the entire Germany. Germany intends really to conquer all territories she now holds.

The whole situation is by this conspicuous statement of that newspaper covered as with a blanket, and now comes the paramount question, what will Germany expect to do now? Will it stand pat or will it yield?

Should it stand pat? It must abandon hope of making early commercial relations with Russia and of tapping that inexhaustible storehouse for products. It may have to return to the old food habits of thousands of people. It has transferred to the west front. More than that, it will have continued its dignity and its villainy in its own people and to the world. It will have to deal with a fast-rising tide of domestic discontent. Socialism and Bolshevism and liberalism in all its forms will beat angrily about the German throne. By its own stand the German government will have brought home to the German people the truth of all that Woodrow Wilson has said, and will have given point to the suggestion that appropriate remedies be applied. And the determination of every enemy nation, if anywhere it has willed, to fight to the last dollar and the last drop of blood, will have been revived and made absolute. The one bright star of hope that has shone for Germany—a separate peace with Russia—will have been swallowed up in the limitless night.

The Kaiser may make a virtue of necessity and yield the point, and if he does it will prove the fateful step

of the war; a first long step that will be followed by other hurried steps toward peace. The Kaiser will then stand between resentful and sullen Junkers on the one hand, and jubilant socialism on the other. The hunger for peace will grow by what it has been permitted to feed on. Reaction will have suffered its first great defeat, liberalism will have scored its first great triumph. And the conservative industrial and commercial elements, that have been the backbone of German greatness, already shrinking back from the ruin that faces them, will be tempted to throw in their lot with socialism for an early and democratic peace. Let the Kaiser but yield that first step, and it will be immensely harder for him to stand pat on the new ground. The glamour of immovability will have gone forever.

Our prayers more than ever before should be with Russia, that it will stand steadfast on the terms it has proclaimed, and that it will put the onus of rejecting them, or adopting them in good faith, upon Germany. If Russia will do this the beginning of the end of the war may be in a little while be in sight.

STYLES IN BALLOT BOXES

Up in North Dakota the women have a limited franchise—and they are exercising it—and some interesting incidents attend the exercise thereof.

They had a municipal election at Bismarck, the state capital, last week, and under the new law the women voted for the first time and a finance commissioner was to be chosen. Two men, John A. Larson and Harry Thompson, were the contestants for the municipal plan.

One of the female voters asked if Harry Thompson was "the tall slim one" and John A. Larson "the tall thick one." Another woman objected because the ballot box for men at her voting place was larger than that for women. At another polling place a woman complained because the box was not of the same color as the one in which her neighbor in another precinct had deposited her ballot.

In some states women have been voting for the past fifteen years, and the country had about settled down with the conviction that woman suffrage was not going to make any considerable difference except that possibly, out of deference to the ladies, polling places, especially in cases where women were on the board, might be kept more tidy and quiet. Likely the male officials would not smoke so much, whether women were on the board or not. But the dissatisfaction of the Bismarck woman because she thought the box that took her ballot was not so pretty as the box in which her neighbor's ballot was deposited opens a vista of possibilities.

Men think that any old ballot box will do, provided it has a slit in it and a padlock on it. Most men never take a good look at the ballot box when they vote. Party workers often get instructions to keep their eyes on the ballot boxes but this is for what is in the boxes and not the boxes themselves. Is woman's taste and fancy going to transform the plain, old tin ballot box? And as woman comes to realize that this is her box, and as she has a style in hats, will she also insist on style in ballot boxes? Will certain colors for boxes be fashionable in one campaign and different colors in another? Will decoration begin to creep on the boxes and is more man some day, when he goes to vote, going to see a ballot box trimmed with flowers, ribbons, feathers, furs? Nay, are we destined to observe ballot boxes of new shapes? In other words, will fashion, which is always doing wonders with women's hats, work marvels with the ballot box? Will Dame Fashion rule as an autocrat at the polls while democratic women are voting?

We have complained that voting would make women mannish. The voting at Bismarck exhibited decidedly feminine features.

NO "FORCE" NEEDED IN DEMOCRACY

Much can be said for efficiency of a democratic government such as ours for its orders are obeyed gladly and willingly in a way that no "force" from above could command. All that is necessary is an intimation of what is needed, whether men, property or the service of the whole population. When the news came that the government needed more sweaters, stockings and mufflers than the department could furnish for the soldiers, a million women started to knitting. When it said we want surgical dressings another million of women flocked to the churches, the school buildings and private houses and worked harder than money could hire them to work at any wages. Save sugar, said the government and immediately the sugar ration in 10,000,000 families was cut down. Save coal was next suggested, and thousands of rooms in dwelling houses were cut off from heat, the family gathered in two or three rooms to keep warm, and many thousands who had been in the habit nearly all their lives of buying their coal for the

winter in one order, cut down their orders to a ton or two at a time.

At the request of the government for a million soldiers, nearly 10,000,000 men registered for service. It required no soldiers to enforce the order. Several thousand busy men stopped their work and offered their services free to help in the enrollment and see to it that dependents were not left to suffer at home. No such sight was ever seen in all the world before. No autocratic government taken by surprise, with the necessity of creating a great army, a new navy and merchant fleet, could have "forced" compliance with its orders and done what the democratic people of the United States accomplished. Hurrah for democracy!

DIE BEFORE THEIR TIME

Any St. Joseph person who has kept pace with local events has noted that within the last couple of years a number of business men of the city have died while yet comparatively young, and the comment of a local physician who said on yesterday, "these men overworked—they never threw off the mental strain—they did not sleep enough," tells the whole story.

And then he followed up with these suggestions: "Sleep more—go home instead of to the clubs—avoid the use of meats—and eat sparingly."

Of course you, Mr. Business Man, are ignoring it, but you know that it is good advice—and that you should follow it—but will you keep on ignoring it?

Men who work too hard and confiningly at sedentary callings, who get not enough exercise, not enough relaxation, not enough fresh air, who smoke and eat to excess, are ruining their nerves, their arteries, their hearts, their kidneys. They are signing away ten or twenty of the best years of their lives—for what? They are surrendering their title to God's great, clean, sweet and refreshing outdoors, losing and forgetting old friends, becoming strangers to their own families, confining their minds and their lives to little narrow grooves—why?

Where is the gain that can compensate for what they are giving up?

There isn't any. They know there isn't any. Knowing, they continue as before. Why? We don't know. Will somebody tell?

A CENSOR NEEDED THERE

If the statements of men who are alive to public interests are of any value the need of a censor is shown for some of the bureaus connected with the food department of the government, as much as there is for the censorship of war news and war activities. Every few days some of these officials announce a famine in some article of food. The last was a dispatch under the head "Egg Famine Threatened," dated at New York, saying: "An egg famine threatens the United States, according to a statement tonight by W. F. Friebe, head of the poultry and egg division of the federal food administration."

The only effect of such an announcement as that is to start hoarding of eggs and force a rise in prices. Only a few days since there was an official statement sent out from Washington saying that there are about a million more cases of eggs in storage than there were a year ago at this time. But this later statement declares that 85 per cent of the eggs in storage had been consumed, the other 15 per cent will soon be gone and there will be none left for anybody. All that is inane left for anybody. There was a large increase in both poultry and eggs last year and there has been no excessive exportation. The allies need wheat, beef and pork and they are not investing at the present time very extensively in eggs.

Before this announcement the retail price of eggs in St. Joseph was forty-eight cents. Today the price is sixty cents.

EVEN TABBY IS IN THE WAR

Even the tabbycat is to be conscripted for war service. It may be because of the scarcity of leather and the modern value of the old boot, which makes it too precious to throw at moon-lit backyard fences, but whether that be a contributing cause or not, the word has gone out that before long the cats which we have exterminated so freely as plagueas are to be taken to the battle-fronts to rid the trenches of rats.

One of the commonest complaints of the soldiers in France is that it is sometimes a question whether they or the rats are the real autocrats of the trenches. Myriads of huge rats, which manifest absolutely no fear of man, and which do not hesitate to rob the soldier of his food, and to destroy his accoutrements, especially such as are of leather, swarm in the dug-outs which provide the soldier's resting places.

Poison and dogs have been tried in vain for their extermination. British cats do not take kindly to the job. And so the Missouri mule is to have a rival as a warrior in the American feline. And this bit of news has brought to light the fact that Japan

has been importing American cats by the shipload in its fight against the bionic plague, having found by indubitable tests that the American tabby does the business better than any other cat in the wide, wide world.

PITY THE POOR BEAR

Kipling once wrote a poem about the "Bear that walks like a man" and some of its stanzas certainly apply to the Bolsheviki government, notably these two:

"Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of speech;
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbled his tale to each;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
'Make ye no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that walks like a man!'"

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,
Making his supplications rose Adam-zad the Bear!

I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing."

The heart of every man must be touched with the child-like position of that government, without an army, without a navy that is respected by anyone, attempting to inaugurate a world wide peace and effect an equal distribution of the wealth of the once great empire, per capita, among 150,000,000 of people.

ARE FATHERS REALLY "CASUAL?"

One hardly knows whether one does or doesn't wish that Miss Jeannette Rankin, the lady from Montana, would explain just what she means by contending that "the father is only a casual parent." The phrase is almost as alarming as it is interesting, but no light has been cast on it except what comes from the criticism of some ladies not from Montana, who say that it is indicative of a mysterious something they call "feminism."

There are books that tell about a "matriarchate" in the development of social relations, and the information contained in those books may be relevant to the problem set for us by Miss Rankin. But then, again, it may not be. One would not gladly suppose that a lady as advanced as she would seek to compel the trying of an experiment that must have failed when it was tried before, as otherwise it would not have been abandoned with world-wide unanimity, as it was.

"Casual parent"—But never mind! Let it pass!

SOMEONE SHOULD TELL TEDDY

Colonel Roosevelt is battling with commendable vigor. But somebody ought to tell him that his fire is misdirected and that he is oddly mistaken in his obvious notion that the present exigency is merely a continuation of the political campaign of 1912 and 1916.

Somebody ought to tell him, for his own good, that America is not fighting President Wilson, but the Kaiser; that the offense that made us fight was not the defeat of Roosevelt's ambition for a third term, but the ruthless atrocities of the Prussian autocracy.

He is a valuable fighter, and it is a pity that he is overlooking the real enemy and wasting his prodigious energy on a fruitless political campaign for which the country has neither time nor inclination.

Chairman Schneider's estimate that this city and county should subscribe to \$2,000,000 worth of Thrift stamps is not at all far fetched, and his estimate should be reached. This war must be won and it takes money to do it—which should be promptly forthcoming.

Not Ned Egan who will manage "the Brewers" will not manage the men who make the stuff "that made Milwaukee famous." He will only manage the baseball team of Milwaukee.

The Nebraska democrats are pleased—that is the anti-Bryan wing—that Gov. Neville will not resign as that would have given the Bryan following control of the executive department.

The postal receipts are the best business barometer, and the fact that the St. Joseph postoffice shows an increase is significant of the fact that the country contiguous is prospering.

The finding of the usual "joker" in the Missouri state income tax law, as usual renders a good law inoperative. Why does it happen that there are no "jokers" in bad laws?

The German government does not disguise the fact very much that it thinks a great deal more of the Bolsheviki in Petrograd than of the Bolsheviki in Berlin.

Cut Woods of the army on Tuesday defended "shoddy" before the senate military committee. He need not defend ours—it shows and defends itself.

Mayor Marshall refers to the time that he and Major General Wright

spent at Sing-Sing—but you will notice that he is careful to state that the "time" spent there was at a college.

If anyone is now in doubt as to what the United States waits to insure peace, he has not read that great state paper promulgated by President Wilson on Tuesday.

The cheerfulness and alacrity with which the people of St. Joseph are responding to the call for their income tax returns shows the true patriotism of our citizens.

The condition of St. Joseph's banks disclose that there is plenty of money here despite the heavy drafts made on the people's surplus on account of war activities.

District Attorney Swann of New York would limit the "flow of cash." Our flow in that line has never as yet been enabled to start, let alone being "limited."

If any one has deluded himself with the idea that the coming election is to be a "political" one, the sooner he disabuses his mind the better.

Now you St. Joseph motorists will have to be good—that is after that 15 mile per hour ordinance—and a good one at that—goes into effect.

Twenty per cent will be added to the price of the regulation baseball the coming season. That's a curve of another kind.

The \$50,000 a year man who is cut down to \$10,000 should think of the \$50,000 a year man who is working for \$1 a year.

St. Joseph merchants are getting ready for the spring trade—and are reaching out for it—and more, they will get it.

In moving freight the government is not going by the theory that "the longest way round is the nearest way home."

It is easy to abstain from rocking the boat but fortunate is the man who does not feel forced to add fuel to the flames.

It is the advice of the doctors that the women should keep cool at their knitting and not sweat over the sweaters.

St. Joseph and this county has a white covering—and that means wheat with which to beat the Kaiser.

The armies of the allies are cool and confident. No trouble about keeping cool at this season of the year.

If the banks only had enough money in them the Bolsheviki system of financing would be very simple.

Do not forget that every thrift stamp you buy helps your Uncle Sam to win the war—for you.

We are conserving almost everything but there is no enthusiasm about the conservation of red tape.

Almost impossible not to drop a few tears on the coal as we bid it good-by at the furnace door.

The investigation of the packers will be resumed this week but it will not be a holiday affair.

An increase in the price of baseballs may possibly dampen the patriotism of the small boy.

Henry is the same chap, whether asking questions on the Atlantic or the Pacific coast.

It makes the President of the United States several times a railroad president also.

In the death of Louis Higgins St. Joseph again loses one of its early promoters.

How do you like the looks of Uncle Sam in the uniform of a locomotive engineer.

More tea is coming in, and of course England is more like herself again.

And they say that mule meat, too, puts lot of kick into a fellow.

Roll on, roll on, O railroad train of state!

Are you still writing it 1917?

What the Missouri Editors Are Saying

And Any Other Old Moaning

A motor car has some of the characteristics of a balky horse these cold mornings.—Maysville Pilot.

And We Will Get Both

Lloyd George says we will have peace before the end of the year 1918. We also want the Kaiser's scalp, by heck, by heck.—Milan Standard.

Not to Blame if Living There

The coroner's report for 1917 shows there were 127 homicides in Jackson

county last year, an increase of thirty-five over the year preceding. The suicides last year numbered ninety-six, an increase of six over 1916.—Hannibal Journal.

If They Make the Terms

In dealing with Russia the German militarists evidently do not care who make the speeches so long as they make the terms.—St. Louis Times.

Sorry for That Girl

A Maryville girl who is knitting a soldier's sweater is worried because her beau is afraid the war will end before she gets it finished.—Democrat-Forum.

In That Reorganization

In reorganizing the ordinance bureau the War Department seems to have been converted at last to the theory of government control.—Kansas City Times.

With Uncle Sam in Charge

With your "Uncle Sam" as the new "traffic cop" you may expect things to move not only with less delay but with a due regard for "safety first."—Dade County Advocate.

Gets Its Own Price

The pure food inspection department reports finding sugar with corn meal in it. None with beans in it yet reported. The humble bean gets its own price.—Dade County Advocate.

But Billie "Told You So"

Well, we don't know whether we should say it, but Billie Bryan "told you so" about government ownership of the railroads in the U. S., and most of us said he was crazy!—Milan Standard.

And So Is Everybody Else

Anyway, we're glad the railroads are to be run by a director general from the treasury rather than by a brigadier general from the quartermaster's department.—Kansas City Times.

They Will Sure Get That

A London dispatch from Petrograd says the Russian people are so dispirited they don't care what kind of a peace they get. If that is so that is the kind of peace they will get.—St. Louis Times.

All Color of Coons There

A Sedalia hunter makes much ado about catching a yellow coon out on Flat creek the other night. He can catch one holding down a street corner most any time in Clinton.—Henry County Democrat.

No! Not a Mistake!

It is an undisputed fact that our National Administration made no mistake in putting General John J. Pershing, a native of Linn county, at the head of the American forces in France.—Linneus Bulletin.

No! It Is Not

The financial expert of the Moberly Index has figured it out that it costs \$90.18 for a family of five to live a month in Moberly, and jealous citizens of Huntville are hinting that it isn't worth it.—Kansas City Post.

Will Find Them Out Soon

The Kaiser is perhaps wondering now what excuse the Americans ever had for starting the slogan, "Wilson kept us out of war." The Kaiser will find out quite a few things if he lives another year.—Maysville Pilot.

Don't Spoil Our Service, Please!

The State Public Service Commission has handed down a decision sustaining the right of a telephone company to remove the telephone from a subscriber who uses profanity over the wire.—Henry County Democrat.

Will Lose All Their Votes

The administration might as well consider now as any time how, at the next election, it can overcome the vote of all fat men who have to take up their berth while the government has charge of the railroads.—St. Louis Times.

Should All Be With Him

The Bolsheviki threaten to appeal from the government of Germany to the people of Germany—the Socialists. The only real German Socialist, so far as the world knows, is Doctor Liebknecht, and he is in prison.—Kansas City Post.

Is Labeling Our Whiskers

A. B. Stokes, the Burlington agent, has a copy of the St. Joseph News, a new year's edition published in 1922. It contains much interesting information. There is noticeable absence of automobile ads and accessories. Times do change. All the pictures of the men show that the barbers in St. Joseph at that time were not overrun with business as some of the men have such long beards as to certainly hide their vests.—Craig Leader.

Has a Big Hard Job

Some time ago the Kansas City Star undertook to publish "editorials" written by Theodore Roosevelt. At first it went along very nice. Teddy is a very powerful writer, but right now the Kansas City Star is having the

fight of its life protecting and "explaining" those "editorials."—Dade County Advocate.

How Long Will He Roast?

Thirty more Norwegian seamen sent to watery graves and five Norwegian ships to Davy Jones by German submarines is a part of the price of Norwegian neutrality. How long will a Norwegian feel like boasting of his nationality?—Fulton Sun.

Like An Effort of the Kaiser

When an 800-pound sledshoe fat man died in Philadelphia, requiring an entire freight car for shipment of the body to the old home in Texas, it looked like a Kaiser effort to further hamper solution of war transportation problems.—Cameron Sun.

In Which We All Join

Many of the soldier boys spent the holidays here with home folks, and many of them are expecting to sail for France soon. We trust success will be with our boys who cross the water and hope all will return at the close of the war.—Stanberry Owl-Hendlight.

As Uncle Sam Will Say

Railroad men are now saying that, inasmuch as the government has taken over the operation of the railroads, it will never be possible to unscramble the eggs again. Perhaps it may never be desirable, but if it ever should be, Uncle Sam will do it.—Linn County Democrat.

Should Give Particulars

A near-by contemporary favors catching Senator LaFollette and painting a yellow streak across his body. With or without masks, neighbor? Wouldn't think you would precipitate anything of this kind, for anything, without giving particulars.—Atchison County Mail.

You Just Cannot Please 'Em

You simply cannot please some women. Now there is that Kansas City girl who sued her husband for divorce. She admitted that he was an agnostic, a free lover, a pacifist, an I. W. W., an anarchist and a slacker. What did she really expect of a husband, anyhow?—Hopkins Journal.

If They Travel With Ours

Somehow we can't take much encouragement from the incident of dropping a bomb where the Kaiser had been an hour before. If he was traveling in an automobile and was going at the rate the delivery trucks travel in this country, the bomb missed him forty miles.—Maysville Pilot.

Another Fool Scare

Efforts of the doctors who invent new and fashionable ailments for humanity to inaugurate an epidemic of "knitting nerves" seem destined to fail because those who really work with the needles find it restful and soothing and they want to remain indefinitely on the job.—Springfield Leader.

Uncle Sam a Real Santa

As if it were not enough that Uncle Sam has the burden of the war for democracy upon his shoulders, as soon as it became known that an earthquake had destroyed Guatemala City, a ship was being loaded for its relief. Uncle Sam is the Santa Claus of the whole world this year, and seems to like the job.—Milan Standard.

Best to Conserve With Care

Every time we use a lump of sugar we don't need, somebody else must do without one he probably needs. If we could select the one who must go without, there would be some satisfaction in wasting sugar; but since we cannot, and many innocent strangers are likely to suffer, it is easier to conserve with care.—Hannibal Journal.

This Sheriff Has Sense

A sheriff in Montana has ordered the card tables removed from all the saloons, clubs and pool halls in his county justifying his act as a war measure and declaring that when farmers cannot hire men to dig potatoes and when dozens of able-bodied loafers sit around and play cards all day, it is time for stern action. The sheriff's brand of patriotism is the kind that counts.—Hopkins Journal.

Sounds a Timely Note

That was a timely note which Congressman John P. Miller, of Washington, sounded in the house of representatives the other day when he protested against the army practice of compelling private soldiers to do menial service for officers. Miller declared that the American boy did not go to war to become an officer's body servant, but to fight for his country. The congressman's attitude will be endorsed by every patriotic citizen of this country. The uniform of the United States soldier should remain ever an emblem of honor—not the badge of a flunkey. The brave American boy who dons it must be permitted to stand before the world as a true hero—not a valet to some fellow not a whit abler, but merely enjoying a larger share of good luck.—Holt County Sentinel.